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The Missile



JANUARY 1916

Peetersburg High School

Peetersburg, Virginia



KENT
FURNITURE

IS IN THE

GRADUATING
CLASS

Everything in Furniture for
Home or Office

Kent Furniture Co.

The Big Store





FEBRUARY CLASS OF '16

Top Row, Left to Right, Wade C. Temple

Miss Dora I. Dick, Miss I. Lane

Mr. R. Roush

Wallace J. Ridcut

Edna D. Turner

Jas. E. Lawler-Meakin

Bessie O. Peoram

H. Irving Bowman

Dallas Warren

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Non qui multum, sed qui bene

THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

VOL. V.

JANUARY, 1916

NO. 3

The Eagle, Not Dove of Peace

When England's lion is roaring
And the Russian bear's at bay,
When the cock of France is shrieking
And Japan is in the fray,
When the children of the Caesars
Once again are on the field,
When the Balkan States are trembling
And the Belgian will not yield,
When the Turk is with the Teuton
And the Allies hold their own,
Uncle Sam with his proud eagle
Is in peace—but is alone.

When in Europe every country
To War, its idol, kneels,
When through many a sunny vineyard
Death's ghastly phantom steals,
When before the swift advances
Fierce, frenzied, fighting, wild,
Every single soul is stricken—
Every woman, man, and child—
When Mars turns loose his war-dogs
And the dove lies in its gore,
The Eagle soars in safety
Above the wreck of war.

—EARLE ANDREWS, '18.

Reunited



ACK Long, you are no longer my son. I positively said that if you married that Richards girl, I would disinherit you. You knew that you were marrying contrary to my wishes and also beneath your family. So leave my house instantly and never return," said Mr. Joseph Long, senior partner of Long and Faversham, brokers, to his only son, Jack.

"But, father," pleaded the wayward son, "consider what you are saying. That could never be. What would people say about our family? And besides, I have no money, and I don't know how to work, as I have always drawn an allowance from you. Besides, if I take care of my wife and uphold the name of Long, I must have some money and have it at once, until I can find some kind of employment. Surely, father, you cannot turn your back on your only son in your declining years, can you?" After this honest appeal Jack looked earnestly into his father's face.

"Young man," said his father, "you are twenty-three years old. You cannot possibly have any claim on me now for a living, and when I say go, I mean go."

"Jack, dear, don't seem so depressed. What care we as of frenzy. He had suddenly resolved to get some of his father's money by foul means. Having been his father's private secretary for several years, he could imitate his father's signature with ease, so he bent his steps toward "The National Bank of New York." He walked over to one of the public desks and after assuring himself that the clerk was not looking, he filled out to the order of cash a check for five thousand dollars, and signed it *Joseph Long*. The teller, knowing that Mr. Long often gave checks for large sums, never doubted its genuineness, and passed over the money with a familiar nod of the head and a pleasant "Good morning, Jack." Having secured the money, Jack started for the hotel where he had

left his wife on their return from their honeymoon. He was frightened at what he had done, and he crossed the street to avoid passing a policeman. As he entered the room, his wife came tripping towards him with a beaming smile on her face, and exclaimed, "What did the dad say?" But when she saw the expression on his face, she shrank back.

"May, dear," he began, "we are ruined. Father says he has disinherited me, and he doesn't want to see me again until I can establish your identity beyond a doubt. The old man is raving mad."

"Jac, dear," don't seem so depressed. What care we as long as you and I are happy? We can live on the suburban line and be just as happy as your father on Fifth Avenue. And, Jack, I'm sure that everything will come out all right in the end, and with the help of God we will try to solve this mystery surrounding my birth."

"No, May, we cannot stay here any longer. We must leave this very evening." And he told her of the forgery.

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" she cried. "Why did you do it? Oh! why did you do it? I will not go one step with you until you go and return that money. If you haven't any money, we both can go hungry together until you can make some, but you shall never spend a cent of that money for my benefit."

"Have reason May. Don't be foolish. It's impossible to do that. It would only complicate matters. You don't know my father as I do. He would almost kill me."

"If it is as bad as that, Jack, I'll have to yield, but your father shall have every cent of that money back, even if I have to go to work and earn it with my own hands. Your father shall never say that a penny of his money was ever spent on a nameless girl whom he detests."

The three-thirty limited express for Chicago carried two passengers who were fleeing from justice, and who were determined to start life over and "make good."

The next morning Mr. Joseph Long stopped at "The National Bank of New York" and called for his pass book and paid checks. Glancing over the checks, his forehead became puckered as he came to a strange check for five thousand dollars which he had never seen before.

"Mr. Dayton, do you remember who presented this check?" asked Mr. Long.

"Why certainly, sir; it was presented yesterday by your son. Is there anything wrong with it?" asked the teller.

"No," answered Mr. Long, and he drove to his office very much excited. The worst had come to pass. His son had disobeyed him by marrying, but he never for one minute had doubted his integrity. As he entered his office, his partner, Mr. Faversham, who was at his desk writing, looked up to say good morning; but when he saw the troubled look on Mr. Long's face, he asked, "Are you not sick this morning, Joe?"

"No, Arthur, I'm not sick, but I've discovered something this morning that is worrying me a great deal. My only child has given me the hardest blow that I have ever felt. My son Jack has forged my name at the bank and gone off with the money—where, only God knows. Ah! Arthur, you don't know how it feels to have an only child and then lose that one."

After a few moments in which neither spoke, Mr. Faversham said, "Joe, for the last two years I have been nursing a grief similar to yours. I have tried to forget it, for remembering it could do no good. Joe, she was all that I had. Her name was May. She was hardly a woman then, and I held her more precious than all my wealth. Her mother died in Edinburgh, and she was only eleven. Five years later we decided to come to this country. I suggested it, as May didn't seem to be very happy over there. I thought the change would be beneficial, and God knows I wish I had never started. As you know I was one of the survivors of the ill-fated "Titanic." I was rescued, but—May was not.

During the excitement we became separated, and I searched the ship over, but couldn't find her anywhere, and I barely saved my own life by jumping overboard before the ship foundered. I was picked up by a passing rowboat, but May was not in it. I am certain she was lost; but if she happened by any way to reach land, may God send her to me before it is too late."

* * * * *

A few weeks after reaching Chicago Jack and his wife bought a neat little cottage and started housekeeping. Jack had succeeded in getting a position as bookkeeper. They were living happily until Jack commenced to drink. Then he fell to gambling and, as might be expected, he lost his position. As his finances were nearly exhausted at this time, Jack was compelled to sell his house and move into the cheap tenement district. Matters went from bad to worse until Jack became a prowling, sneaking thief almost on the verge of despair. His disappointed wife bore all his hardships peacefully and submissively, as only a loving wife and near mother can do; but all the time she was praying to God to save her husband and lead him in the straight path.

On account of financial conditions and the disorganized state of affairs caused by the European war, the stock exchanges found it necessary to discontinue business for a while, and one day Mr. Faversham proposed to his partner that they take a little pleasure trip through the West until the exchanges reopened. The proposal was readily agreed to by Mr. Long.

After visiting several places they finally stopped at Chicago. While there they decided to visit the slums one night, to see how they compared with those of New York.

* * * * *

After Jack Long had drained the glass of whiskey that had been given him by a friend, he remarked to the barkeeper

that he was going to stop drinking and lead a better life for the sake of his wife who was very sick at this time and without friends. He left the saloon and started home. As he entered his ill-smelling room, he called his wife's name. Receiving no answer, he approached her bed, and stood horrified at what he saw. She was lying there unconscious.

Jack Long knew that a doctor was needed; but he knew also that doctors didn't care to come to the slums, for they were rarely ever paid for their services. Determined that he should get money enough to pay a doctor, he pulled a cap far over his eyes and, pocketing his pistol, he went out, prepared to do something desperate, perhaps kill if necessary. He started northward where the more wealthy people lived. He had not gone far before he saw two large well-dressed men approaching. This was his chance. Retreating a little he came to a dark spot and crouched behind a tree with gun in hand. As his supposed prey came abreast of him, he darted out and exclaimed, "Up with those hands!" Mr. Long and his partner (for it was they) immediately complied with the highwayman's demand.

"Sir," said Mr. Long, "put up your gun and tell us what you want. We will help you if you are in distress."

The pistol dropped from the thief's hand, for he had recognized that voice, and he jerked off his cap and cried, "Father! Father!"

Mr. Long was dumb. He could not believe his ears. They stepped out into the light of a street lamp and Mr. Long cried, "My boy, my boy, Jack is it you?" and simultaneously Mr. Faversham exclaimed, "Jack! Jack! What is the meaning of this?"

Jack told them to follow, and as fast as he could he led them up the rickety old stairway until they came to his room. They entered, and he pointed to an unconscious figure on the bed, and cried, "I need money to get a doctor." There was no lamp, only a tallow candle. Lighting this Jack led them to

the bed and said, "See for yourselves." As they bent over to look, Mr. Faversham cried, "My God! My child! My child!" and he leaned over and kissed the sleeping mother's forehead time and again, weeping from joy the while.

Mr. Long, followed by Jack, rushed after a doctor, while Mr. Faversham sat crying, holding his daughter's hand.

The doctor soon arrived and asking to be left alone a few minutes bent to his task with a skilled hand. During the while the three men stood in the dimly lighted hall crying from joy.

The doctor opened the door and invited them in. As they entered, they beheld a happy face, but pale as death smiling sweetly as if it were being borne upward to heaven on the golden wings of angels. Jack took his wife's hand and, caressing it fondly, asked her if she could stand a big surprise.

"Yes, Jack," she answered, "if you will stay near me."

Mr. Faversham approached the bed, and as she looked up at him a faint recollection seemed to stir in her mind, and after a few seconds of deep study, she cried weakly but joyfully, "Father! Papa! I thought you dead."

"It is I, May; do not be afraid," said her father as he bent over and caressed her tenderly.

Then followed explanations of how her mind had been affected by the excitement of losing her father and her experience in the cold water at the sinking of the "Titanic," and how after weeks in the hospital she was unable to recall her right name, and so adopted the name of Richards.

The doctor stood, a quiet, surprised spectator of all of this, and seeing that he was not further needed left father and son, father and daughter, husband and wife, all happy and contented with the expectation of living happily together the rest of their lives in Mr. Long's mansion; and as he closed the door upon this happy culmination, he muttered, "Re-united, all is well that ends well."

—W. RIDOUT, '16.

History of "The Missile"



FOR many years the literary talent of the Petersburg High School was neglected. There were scholars who could write stories and poems, but it was not until the spring of 1911 that the pupils of P. H. S. realized that they could have a school magazine that could successfully cope with the other high school papers throughout the United States.

From the very start "The Missile" has been a great success, and each year it seems to have grown larger and better in every way. However, we realize the base of this success was made when the students of 1911 were desirous of a magazine and met difficulties of every sort in order that they might have one. Their ambition was expressed by the words of the poet which appeared on the frontispiece—

Labor with what zeal we will
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

One of the most pleasing features of the magazine is that it has always interested the pupils. Prizes are offered each year which arouse still greater interest, and a spirit of competition is stirred up among the students, which every month brings forth many good stories and poems.

"The Missile" has a very wide circulation, perhaps as large as any high school paper in the State, and we read with pleasure the articles concerning our paper in the Exchange Departments. It was the beginning of the Petersburg High School activities, and along with it came the Literary Societies and the Honor System. It has prompted much good in our school. If every student will continue to support it, we know it will continue to grow better and that it will exert a wholesome influence.

—GERALDINE GERALD, '16.



STAFF

Irma I. James, '16.....Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Ida B. Routh, '16.	Meyer H. Lavenstein, '16.
Alice Riddick, '16.....	Exchange Editor
Jane Cabaniss, '18.....	Alumni Editor
J. C. Chandler, Jr., '17.....	Boys' Athletic Editor
Kathryn Weeks, '16.....	Girls' Athletic Editor
Geraldine Gerald, '16.....	Head Reporter
Edward L. Traylor, '16.....	Business Manager
Hovey Sheffield, '17.....	Assistant Business Manager
J. E. L. Meakin, '16.....	Circulating Manager
Helen Townes, '16.....	Editor of "A Few Pointers"
Hugh Jackson, '18.....	Art Editor

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FORMATION OF AN ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The next step that we wish to take is towards the formation of an alumni association. We should indeed like for our former students, who have gone from us to face life, to feel closer to us and we to them. We still need their school spirit to urge us on in our work and to help us appreciate our school and teachers. Moreover, when we ourselves leave our alma mater, we want some link to continue to join us to

her, and whether we are far or near, we shall find pleasure in the tie that binds us to the school where we spent so many happy days with out classmates. So what do we need but an alumni association? Every one of our students no doubt would take delight in being a member; for who goes to school and has not a tender spot in his heart for it—a love that continues throughout his whole life? It is there that we form our ideas and build our dreams,—some to be realized, others to fade away. So in our next issue we will print some of the names of our former graduates under the alumni notes to call their attention to the fact that we want them to come back to us and to help us form this association. We feel confident that they will respond to our call and aid us in making our attempt successful.

A TALE.

The old year has passed, and the new is well on its way. The old staff is going, and before the next issue there will be a new term and a new staff. Much has been accomplished this term; but there are still worlds for us to conquer, and we want to tell a story as we part.

Not many years ago there was a high school in one of the Western States—which one is no matter. Suffice it to say, it existed. Existed! And that is all. But one year, a new building was erected with splendid equipment and every opportunity for progress. The careless, sluggish students became filled with fire and zeal. They became a *school*, not a disorganized body of children forced to something they disliked. They put out a champion ball team, for it would never have done to disgrace their new, gleaming walls with pictures of *beaten* boys. The magazine prospered. From the wealth of stories and poems handed in the only difficulty lay in selecting the best—all were so good. Everything prospered.

Several years passed. Many a winning team had worn the school's colors. The exchanges were full of praise for

their magazine. Their societies were vigorous and full of life. All their activities were characterized by the same fire, energy.

But still they felt always for the next rung of the ladder they were climbing. Now their aim was a printing press of their very own. Townspeople jeered. The school board laughed. But the children were determined. The manual training class did odd jobs; the domestic science classes established a lunch room, at recess; at Christmas and Easter, contributions were made; and the sum grew slowly. The press was uppermost in everybody's thoughts, even to the freshest of "freshies." School above all, loyalty above all!

Then, one day, the thrilling news flashed through the school. There was enough!

The press was bought and installed. The city government furnished a printer on the condition that the school print the city stationery. The next month the magazine was superb, splendid, glorious! The whole school was happy,—almost as happy as the city fathers, who said: "I told you so!"

SHALL WE HAVE SOCIALS?

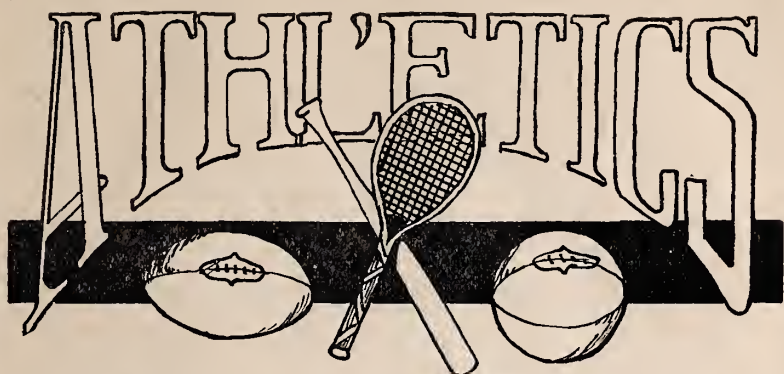
Perhaps no more serious problem confronts P. H. S. than that of the present lack of school spirit, and in a recent discussion in which basal causes were stated and explained, several students of the upper classes declared with profound modesty and sincerity that the most effective remedy is to be found in frequent socials among the students themselves. The *Missile*, however, not only fails to perceive the expedience of this proposal, but must recognize it as destructive to say the least. Its object, as advocated, is to further unity and harmony among the individual students and to stimulate their interest in the work of the school; but in view of the effects of such socials upon society and other consequent results, we are logically forced to opposite conclusions.

These social functions, of course, imply such festivities as dances and balls, with the inevitable card and tea parties.

And to see their immediate and pernicious effects upon the primary functions of the high school—education—one needs not necessarily be possessed by “old-timey,” fanatical, or puritanical views. In fact, to support this contention, not even considering the significant questions of how, when, and where these are to be held and other pertinent details, we need only observe existing conditions in other schools. The standards of scholarship have invariably been lowered; discipline and order among both boys and girls in several cases have become outrageous; and parents have lamented the fact that schools are spreading frivolity instead of the principles of education.

The fact is that dances, balls, games, card and tea parties have promoted anything but unity and harmony in American society. Dollar diplomacy has wreaked enough havoc without letting its influence clutch the boys and girls in school. We have enough “society” belles. The school room, indeed, is no fashion center for our young ladies to exhibit the latest vogues which they are prone to carry on with jealous rivalry for the young men to encourage and applaud. And we further believe that these conditions would ultimately tend to destroy the domestic happiness of the home; that such tendencies fostered in the school, where the foundations of character are hid, would encourage caste, luxury, and inevitable frivolity in later life.

We believe, in short, that modesty, simplicity, and social unity and progress are infinitely dearer than such conditions as the cultivation of social nonsense in the high school would produce.



At the recent joint meeting of the literary societies the following boys were awarded their football letters—a block P being selected instead of the monogram P. H. S.: Jones, Mosby, Tench, Jordan, Jackson, Francis, Peebles, Lipscomb, Pleasants, Burge, and Rees. Burge has been elected captain of next year's eleven with Chandler as manager.

There have been a few meetings concerning the organization of a basket ball team, but owing to the fact that a suitable gymnasium for practise could not be secured, it is at present doubtful that P. H. S. will this year be represented in the cage.

We are, however, greatly disappointed in the lack of interest taken in the practice for the track team which has just started. And unless the student body feels a deeper interest in track athletics—unless there are more applicants to make the candidates hustle—it is useless to expect a winning team. Come on, boys, we *have* got school spirit!

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

With the basket ball season over, a lull is cast over the girls' athletic circles. Considering the conditions under which the team played we must say that it met with more than fair success. And since all of this year's team are expected to return, the outlook for next year is very bright. Letters were awarded to these girls: Pauline Bowman, Elsie Williams, Tucker Bryan, Florence Roper, Russell Young, Alice McCracken, and Clara Sandford.



To be, or not to be in love: that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the heart to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous cupid
Or to take arms against the sea of love
And by proposing end them? To love; to dream;
No more; or by a marriage say we end
The heartaches and the thousand arrow darts
That the heart is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To love; to adore;
To adore; perchance to marry; ay, there's the rub
For in that married life what troubles may come
When we have shuffled off the single life!

—AZILEE WOOD, '16.

ALL THAT GLITTERS.

One of the IV. B's: "O, say, Latin *is* easy after all. I wish I had taken it." Starts to translate from Caesar—"Forte dux in aro—Forty ducks in a row." "Passus sum jam—Pass us some jam." Boni leges Caesaris—The bony legs of Caesar."

Visitor: "What position does your son play?"

Proud Father: "He's half-back on his team and all the way back in his studies."

Notice to our contributors: All philosophical, sociological, and psychological works should be sent to the joke editor.

The IV. B's regularly have H. A. M. after lunch.

Wanted: *Someone* to criticize the *Missile*.

Who said women can't do the work of men? The IV. A's have a Butcher, a Smith, and a Bowman!

Yes, debutantes, according to Rev. Anderson, dancing is injurious to our soles (souls).

Mr. Bowman (IV. B English): Coleridge ran away from school and joined the Dragons (Dragoons).

The IV. B's are glad to have Miss Gerald back with them and hope her constitution has been strengthened.

Mr. Miller (to Miss Weeks): Where is the Susquehanna?

Miss W. (looking on the English map): O, yes, that's in America, isn't it?

Mr. Miller (to Miss Lane): Have you ever heard of a Wallace?

Does he really know, too?

Miss Mollie: We shall have fifteen minutes recess today. All of those who don't go out can stay inside.

Say, have you ever seen the ears of Mr. Bowman of IV. B blush?

We are glad to note that Mr. Meakin of the IV. B grade has donned long trousers and put away his youthful breeches. May his new burden not overtax him.

The pupils of the IV A class are very sorry to know that Santa Claus forgot to bring Miss S. a different kind of perfume.

Fellow students, be not dismayed in whatever betides. We may have to get a new French teacher at most any old time.

Miss R. in II. B History: Give dates and results of French Revolution.

Miss C.: 1799-1789 and peace was the result.

Miss R.: What was the Partition of Poland?

Mr. B.: Well, the people of Poland got up a petition to ask Peter the Great to—to—to—I don't believe I know, Miss Sallie.

Name the articles.

Mr. R. of II. B: 1, 2, 3, etc.

Miss Beard: "When a woman can't get married, she starts teaching."

Be not discouraged, Mademoiselle.

III. A Latin, Mr. T.: "I feel like a dentist."

Miss S.: "Why?"

Mr. T.: "I'm pulling eye-teeth."

There is a tight race in the IV. B Grade between Mr. Temple and Mr. Meakin for the class president. May the best man win!

Mr. Ridout says he is strictly neutral. He walks to school every morning in preference to showing any partiality between the jitneys and the street car line.

Miss B. in IV. A French: Where do we find Villas?

Mr. R.: In Mexico.

Miss B.: I think they have villa(s) in Rome also.

Mr. K.: I knew Rome had its Caesars and Ciceros, but I never heard of its Villa(s).

In debating, Miss James insists on, "And now, honorable Judges, I appeal to you."

Wanted to know why Mr. C. put Miss Week's ring on the *right* hand.

We wish to call your attention to the heavenly looks of the boys in the IV. B class's photograph.

Miss L. (looking at the class picture): I look as big as a house.

Miss J.: You can't help from looking natural, my dear.

Wanted: A Temple to hold Miss Gerald.

Wanted: To know who is the author of the latest tying tie style.

Wanted: To know if the class reporters got lost on their way to the meeting of the reporters of "The Missile."

Miss M.: "What is the feminine of monk?"

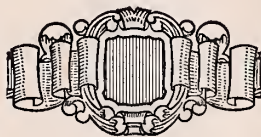
Mr. W.: "Monkey."

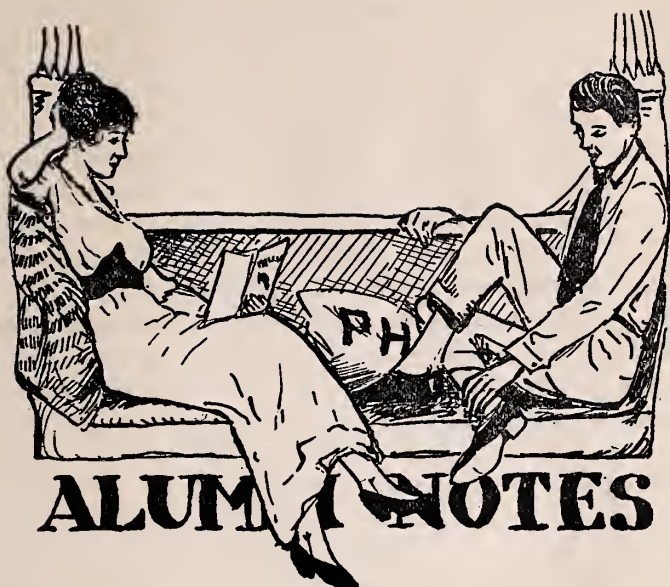
The semi-annual public meeting of the Thomas Nelson Page and the John W. Daniel Literary Societies was held on the night of December 21, 1915, at 8:15 in the R. E. Lee School Auditorium. There was a large audience, and the participants made the entertainment rank among the best the societies have ever given. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved, That the United States should place an embargo

on the exportation of arms and munitions to belligerents in time of war." The affirmative was upheld by Miss Irma James and Mr. Page Rees, of the Page Society, and the negative by Miss Anita Young and Mr. Meyer Lavenstein, of the Daniel Society. The judges decided in favor of the negative and both Miss Young and Mr. Lavenstein should be congratulated for the excellent manner in which they handled the subject. The school chorus gave several Christmas selections, and two of our pupils proved to be regular comedians. We wish to congratulate Mr. Wood on his journal, for it was among the best the meetings have had. We should always be ready to show our school spirit by being willing to take part in these meetings, for they are not only pleasant but beneficial.

We were honored with a visit from Dr. Lipscomb and the Rev. Mr. Dandridge several weeks ago. Both gave us impressive talks, and we hope they will feel that they are always welcome to our assemblies.

The pupils of the school regret very much the sickness and absence of Miss Buhrman and Mr. Thompson, and hope that they will speedily recover and return to us.





JANE CABANISS

Owing to the absence of several of the faculty, Miss Francis Drewry and Miss Elizabeth Bragg have been substituting.

Miss Fanny Constable died recently. She was a P. H. S. student of '11 and was much loved by all.

We were very glad to have many of our alumni with us during the holidays. Among them were Messrs. Harvey Booth, Richard Gilliam, Kevan Booth, Robert Butcher, Samuel Elliott, Wallace Bowman, Charles Stribling, and Frank Buchanan.

P. H. S. is holding its own at Randolph-Macon Woman's College, as is testified by the good reports of Misses Elizabeth and Francis Drewry, and Florence Stratton, who are attending that college.

Mr. Herbert Jones, ex-manager of P. H. S. football team, is keeping up his reputation at the University of Cincinnati. Mr. Jones was captain of the Freshmen team and would have made the college team except for his light weight. He was mentioned very favorably in a Cincinnati paper and will, in all probability, be one of the most promising candidates for the team next year.

EXCHANGES.

A Happy New Year to all!

The Oracle, Duval High School, Jacksonville, Fla.—You have every reason to be proud of your magazine. Your jokes are truly witty, and your literary department deserves credit. The poem "Dreams of the Future," by F. Ried, is worthy of mention. The thought portrayed is beautiful.

The Echo, Lexington High School, Lexington, Va.—Taken all in all you have a nice magazine. It is neat in appearance, and the literary department is excellent. Why not enlarge your editorial department? Congratulations on your "New Year's Resolution."

The Onas, William Penn High School, Philadelphia, Pa.—The two stories, "The True Spirit of Christmas," and "The Perfect Gift," are praiseworthy.

The Trident, Brewer High School, Brewer, Me.—An exceedingly neat and well arranged magazine. Come again.

The Sunburian High, Sunbury, Pa.—There is much room for improvement in your exchange department. However, the story, "Jim's Christmas," is fine. The plot is well developed, and much talent is shown.

The Mirror, Lima, Ohio.—The stories, "Ching Ling's First Christmas" and "The Man Without a Soul," are very good. You have an extensive advertising department, but do you not think it would be better to have all the advertisements together instead of scattered?

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The Missile is to be congratulated on the story "Jack Bear's Race." It shows much talent, but statements in it are broad. A frontispiece instead of an advertisement would add to its appearance.—*The Monthly Chronicle*, Episcopal High School, near Alexandria, Va.

We like the emphasis you place on patronizing your advertisers. It is a good policy. Your tales are very good.—*The Book-Strap*, Charleston, W. Va.

Your jokes are numerous and good. "Jack Bear's Race"

has an original plot. We hope to see a full exchange table in your magazine next month.—*The Messenger*, Durham, N. C.

Your poems are very good. "The Edict of Wilson" is a splendid article.—*The Tatler*, Elizabeth City, N. C.

A few more poems would improve your magazine.—*The Tatler*, Kinston, N. C.

Your editorials in the October number are very interesting.—*The Quill*, Marion, Iowa.

We greatly appreciate the various criticisms from other magazines.

The Missile acknowledges, with thanks, the following:

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JOKES

Young boy: "Father, what is the board of education?"

Father: "Son, when I went to school it was a piece of shingle."

Mr. P.: Why don't you use your head—what do you think it was made for?

B.: Er—er—to hold my hat on, I guess.

Kresge (pointing to sewing machine): Where did you get that Victrola?

Miss Kintner: Victrola?

Kresge: Yes, they're Singers, aren't they?

This was heard at No. 1934 Fifth Street:

"Be very careful, Charlie."

"I love you, dearest," he quavered, "Why, I'd die, I'd steal, I'd do anything for you. There isn't anything I wouldn't do for you. I'd commit suicide if you'd marry me, dear."

Miss B.: "Mr. G. use the words *heroes* and *attack* in one sentence."

G.: "He rose immediately when he sat on a tack."

Miss B. (in English): "Give me a sentence using the word *deliver*."

Blake: "De-liver of a chicken am good."

City Girl (to farmer): "Which cow gives buttermilk?"

Virginia: "Jessie, have you read "Freckles?"

Jessie: "Of course not—that's my veil."

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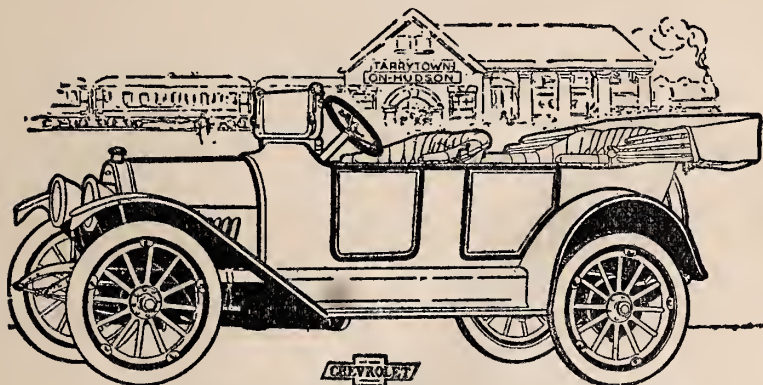
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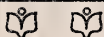
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